She would remove papers we were working on in order to process her own voluminous documents. She commandeered the telephone and the dysfunctional fax machine. She tended to pop up wherever I was working. It was as if she thought I was up to something secret and she had to find out what it was. One afternoon I started to mop the kitchen floor and she chose that moment to make herself a coffee and stand sipping it in my way. I got angry at her and ordered her to leave the kitchen. She refused. She accused me of having a "complex" about her. We were always psychopathologizing one another.

I told her that I wasn't interested in her opinions. In the absence of other staff I was in charge. I had told her to leave the kitchen so she should go. She said no, she was a "kitchen volunteer." I told her a volunteer was supposed to help out. She could help out by doing what she was told by staff, and getting out of the way. She raised her voice and I raised mine. As in a duet. One of the tenants must have told Adam in the office. Staff were fighting! He came downstairs and told us that if he we didn't shut the fuck up he'd kick us both out of the kitchen. Eugenia was crying by then. She was very sensitive. She sobbed that she was a "refugee." "Refugee" was a notch above support worker.

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Martha only spoke through an interpreter. Adam asked him